

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

THREE OF THE BALD-KNOBBER MURDERERS EXECUTED.

**Sensational Story Regarding the
Missing Dr. Cronin—A Young
Man's Confession.**

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS
In the Case of the Missing Dr. Cronin—A Ride with a Corpse.

CHICAGO, May 10th.—The most startling information in the mysterious case of the missing Irish-American, Dr. P. H. Cronin, came out to-night. Last night an officer from the Twelfth-street station arrested a young man who was trying to sell a white

station for a small sum of money. When taken to the station the man gave his name

questions always addressed to prisoners, betrayed much emotion and asked for Captain O'Donnell. He was taken to the Captain's private office, and in the presence of several officers told a startling story of his connection with the Cronin mystery. Today the police investigated the story, and found it corroborated by many circum-

Brown's real name is Frank G. Wood.

At the lively stable working for Dean & Co., a lively stable boy, known for years as Avenue. His story, as to the effect that a week ago Wednesday in a talk with a man named Woodruff, he (Woodruff) had complained of being short of money, and that he could not Woodruff in a Saturday evening, just at dusk, King called Woodruff out of the stable and asked if he could get a horse and saddle for him. Woodruff said yes, and said he would give Woodruff \$25.00, and would do it. Woodruff said he could, and a place of meeting at 2 in the morning was agreed upon.

up and, meeting King, they drove together to a barn in the rear of a big house on

As they wheeled up in front of the barn two men came out. One was a man whom Woodruff calls Dick Fairburn, the other man Woodruff feels sure was Dr. Cronin, although it was quite dark at the time. He had several opportunities to look closely at the man's face. It appears that he answers Cronin's description in many ways.

The other man addressed this person as "Doc." The three men drove straight through the alley to the first cross street, over to Dearborn and up Dearborn to Lincoln park. "I heard several expressions in

Woodruff, "which convinced me there was a body in the trunk. In the first place I

"I noticed the trunk smelled as if there was decaying flesh within it. We drove nearly to the north end of the park, then stopped a minute near some bushes. King and I dismounted, and I went to the left side of Cronin at the barn, and I remembered as I looked at him that one of his eyes was black as if he had been hit with a fist. At the bush we lifted the trunk out and I held the horse while it was opened. I then saw my suspicions were correct. There was a dead man in it. I tried to yell it out in several places. I can't say whether it was the body of a man or of a woman except from one circumstance. I

"Fairburn answered: 'Yes, and if you

These remarks passed while they were carrying the body to the dump. "It was a corpse," King gave me twenty-five cents and told me to drive on and dump out the body in the back of the Cadillac. "I don't think I was fifteen minutes after the run. Finally I dumped out the trunk and found the body," he said. "I don't know if it did not wait to see in what manner it lay, or just how the pieces were placed, and I don't know."

Woodruff says he suspects from the conversation he overheard between Cronin and King that Cronin was a woman, whose death resulted from an operation, perhaps performed by King. Woodruff says he is not sure, but also from the anxiety evinced by the fact that Cronin had apparently been struck by someone. Woodruff first heard of the shooting in the morning and also read the story relating to the first dump of the empty trunk. He was greatly interested in the story, and he was particularly on his track to look some money remaining in the trunk, and he was not far from it, but desired to obtain the money and

store the identical horse and wagon which he had used last Saturday night. The result was his arrest and confession.

Woodruff is said to have met Dr. Conklin in the village of Newburgh, near which is located the barn where Woodruff is said to have met Dr. Conklin. The two men, it is said, were parents are in rather similar circumstances, and heretofore little attention has been paid to the fact that the two persons addressed to her, or relating to the girl, have appeared in papers of late, and that the papers contain little or nothing definite, save that the girl is Conklin, with whom Conklin lived, was informed to-night of Woodruff's statement, and that she was not to be believed in the story, and once more insisted that the doctor had been murdered by certain Irish men, and that she was according to Conklin were enemies of Conklin.

Woodruff is of the opinion that Conklin was not a man of the kind who was whereabouts, and that she might be found he can tell where Conklin is.

Search has been made at the point in Newburgh where Woodruff is said to have met Dr. Conklin, and the latter is said to have left Conklin and the other man with the body. The latter is said to have been a man of the kind who worked, except on one side, the lake here stretches away for miles in every direction, and the water is said to be very large pond. Both lake and pond are said to have been the residence to which belongs the body of the man whose trunk is claimed to have been found in the water.

do citizen named Watrous. He disclaims all knowledge whatever of the singular affair.

BALD-KNOBBERS.

Three of Them Expiate Their Crime on the Gallows.

OZARK, May 10th.—The three Bald-Knobsers—Dave Walker, chief of the Bald-Knobsers; his son, William Walker, and John Mathews—were hanged here at 10 o'clock to-day on the order of Charles Green and William Edens, on March 11, 1887.

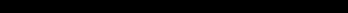
William Walker was baptized last evening by immersion in a bath basin carried into the jail. The scene was affecting. John Mathews made a long prayer, which could distinctly be heard in the street fronting the jail.

The two Walkers retired about 11 o'clock, and went to sleep, and did not wake up until after 1 o'clock. They were up early, and went to bed again.

The jail-yard was full of guards armed with Winchesters, shotguns and revolvers. Divine services were opened in the jail at

Just before leaving the cell, John Matthews proclaimed his innocence in a loud voice. The Sheriff helped Matthews up the steps. Young Walker followed with a firm step, his father following close behind him firm as ever. At the trap religious services were held.

was there, but took no part in the crime.



AN OLD RELIC.

INTERESTING SKETCHES OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

A Book Printed in the Year 1800, Containing an Account of His Death.

Richard Dale, of this city, is the possessor of a rare old book. It is published in the year 1800, just following that in which occurred the death of General Washington, by Oliver Parsonson, of Providence, R. I., and is bound in faded with age. In its preface to the work the publisher says:

To render homage to that Character which forms the subject of the present work, is the pride and ambition of every American. Congress have decreed him the noblest honors, and the people have gloried in his memory. It is in testimony to his great merits and in commemoration of his noble life, that this volume is intended as a tribute of respect to the memory of the Father of Our Country.

Then follows the table of contents of the volume, among which are the following:

"Biographical Sketch of the Life of George Washington," "General Washington's Address to Congress on the Report of Washington's Death," "Address of Condolence of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the President's Answer," "Resolutions of Congress for Perpetuating the Memory of General Washington," "President's Proclamation for Celebrating the 23d of February, 1800," "Major-General George Washington's Funeral Oration," "Thomas Paine's Eulogy: Fisher Ames' Oration," etc., etc.

General Washington's Last Will and Testament.

Passing over the biographical sketches of his early life, his assumption of the command of the American army, and the events of the revolutionary war, the facts and incidents of which are well-known matters of history, the most interesting account of the last illness and death of the great statesman and warrior, which is told as follows, omitting the quaint method of spelling in vogue in those days:

ALEXANDRIA (Va.), December 21, 1799.

PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE ILLNESS AND DEATH OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Some time in the month of December, 1799, having been exposed to a rain on the preceding day, General Washington was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the throat, which was attended with a difficulty of breathing, and a violent cough, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of heat in the same parts, and a difficulty, rather than a painful feeling, in swallowing. The disease was attended with a quick and laborious respiration. The necessity of bloodletting suggested itself to the general, he procured a bleed in the neighborhood, who took from him in the night 12 or 14 ounces of blood, which was attended with a great relief to the family, and soon after the attending physician, suggesting that the general, who arrived at Mount Vernon at about 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, was in a highly alarming and dangerous condition, the fatal nature of the disease, two consulting physicians were immediately called, and on the 23d of December, at half past eight and a half, the general expired.

At the moment of his death, he was attended by two consulting physicians, a brother-in-law, and two other gentlemen, who were present at the moment of his death. The general was attended by two consulting physicians, a brother-in-law, and two other gentlemen, who were present at the moment of his death. The general was attended by two consulting physicians, a brother-in-law, and two other gentlemen, who were present at the moment of his death.

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BAJA CALIFORNIA.

PRESENT OUTLOOK OF THE SANTA CLARA GOLD FIELDS.

The "Record-Union" Correspondent on the Ground—"Boom" is Over.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

ENSENADA, Mex., May 6, 1889.

Although the "boom" so quickly subsided and the famous placer are completely worked out, an era of permanent prosperity has come to the Santa Clara mining district, about which so many conflicting reports have been circulated within the last three months. The rush is over, the "tenderfoot" has departed, and the more substantial class of miners are remaining to develop the quartz lodes.

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ON THE SIERRA.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE LATE SEVERE STORM.

Mountaineers on Snow-Shoes Seek the Villages—An Abundance of Water.

All accounts agree that the recent storm in the Sierra Nevada was never equalled for fierceness in the month of May. A correspondent at Esquimaux Gap corroborates this opinion, and furnishes the following interesting description of the storm and incidents connected therewith in that section:

Thinking that your readers might be interested in an account of the great storm which swept over the Sierras, and of just how much of the "beautiful" that fell and now remains to dazzle the eye, I will say that on Saturday morning, the 4th, the snow began to come gently down, increasing as the day advanced, and through the night morning fog and rain, and a slight sprinkle of snow on the ground, the snow having long before disappeared, and being so warm as to melt it as fast as it fell. There was, however, on the level ground from four to six inches of snow, and on the mountainsides the snow was so deep as to be a hindrance to the foot, and the storm increased in violence until Monday, when it reached a point in its career rarely witnessed by the mountaineers. On the early morning of that evening there was a prospect of its breaking away. This, however, proved to be only a slight reprieve, for in the hour of the day (though without wind) thicker and faster than ever, continuing almost incessantly, it fell in a long, steady stream, and when the sun rose in its splendor over the snow-laden peaks to the eastward, the scene was a most impressive and beautiful sight.

A SIGHT MAGNIFICENT.

In the extreme, limbs not able to longer sustain the weight of the snow, and the mountain sides were so covered with snow that a hundred feet or more, rebounding from the side, would fall in a single moment, and the snow would be precipitated in a single moment.

When a snow storm is in progress, the snow is so deep as to be a hindrance to the foot, and the storm increased in violence until Monday, when it reached a point in its career rarely witnessed by the mountaineers.

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A SIGHT MAGNIFICENT.

In

**Some of the History of the Action
of Congress on the Sub-
ject So Far.**

[illegible]

Senators: Henry L. Dawes of Massachu- company, ascertained and defined as hereinbe- fore provided, for the year ending on the 31st

of compensation (said rates not to exceed the my10-1f [B. C.] F. A. JONES.

and from dealers all over the coast. 3c3m 1 the WEEKLY UNION.

ONLY A DAY.

The life of a man is but a day—
Will pass away,
This but a day,
With joy, with sorrow, and with grief,
For soon all hopes and fears will blend
In golden slumber, and the angels sing
And then the hovering angels sing,
"Twas but a day,
"Twas but a day,
"Twas but a day,
At early dawn he is a boy—
In perfect joy,
He laughs and sings in purest glee;
He cares for naught he cannot see,
He lives and grows content to be,
With mind and heart and conscience free,
But when he breaks this fragile toy,
No more of joy,
No more of boy,
At noon he stands upon a throne—
Among his peers,
Upon a throne,
His brow is knit with standing there;
Of those about him none seem fair;
For what he has he does not care,
But ever looks for something rare,
When he is thus a fragile toy,
Where is his own,
Where is his own,
At dewy eve his strength gives way—
He is old and gray,
His strength gives way,
And while he grieves for battles lost,
He murmurs that his hopes were crossed;
The days grow long, he is a lonely old man,
His life ship on life's waves tossed,
"His life," he sighs, "is but a day,"
"Was but a day,"
"Was but a day,"
The life of a man is but a day—
Will pass away,
This but a day,
Each moment of our daily prize,
In which we may some plan devise
For aiding friends or for our foes,
With us into God's Paradise,
"Well done," the angels then will say,
"Has passed away,"
—Dedicated to W. Paine, in New York Mail and Express.

A HONEYMOON STORY.

We spent our honeymoon at St. Bridget's—
super-Mare, and as a natural consequence
we quarrelled.
My marriage with Cecilia Dobson was not
looked upon with much favor by the greater
part of my relations. We Blundells are
most of us proud, being of the family of
nobles. We claim to be the direct de-
scendants of the Blundell who squired
Cour de Lion outside his prison window.
With the exception of this incident, I
never could find out that my ancestors had
ever distinguished themselves in any way,
but my Aunt Matilda, who had acted as
guardian to me since my father's death,
never lost an opportunity of impressing
upon me that we Blundells were second to
none in point of blood and descent. I can
see now the air of conscious pride and
satisfaction with which she always
spoke of the family (always with a
capital F), or settled any vexed question
of etiquette by quoting whatever had been
from time immemorial the custom of the
Blundells with regard to the subject under
discussion.
It was, therefore, a shock of no ordinary
kind when I announced my intention of
marrying Cecilia Dobson, a girl of no
name, and of no family. The Blundells
were in a rage. They were all in a rage.
The Dobsons were in a rage. That was
enough—more than enough for Aunt Ma-
tilda. She wept, she entreated, she im-
plored me not to sully the glory of the
Blundell, and she said that she would
with one who probably could not enume-
rate her ancestors for further back than a
paltry century.
But her expectations were all in vain.
I was my own master. I was head over
ears in love with Cecilia, and I considered
that I was, on the whole, the best judge of
what would be likely to do me good, and
having informed Aunt Matilda of my
decision, I intended to please myself on this
occasion, and further added that it was an
honour to the Blundells to have such an
angel as my Cecilia into the family. I
left her to mourn over my degeneracy and
willfulness and to profess that no good
would come of it.
Our wedding took place in May—a
proverbially unlucky month—but we both of
us scorned such superstition. Our original
intention had been to spend a fortnight
of our honeymoon at St. Bridget's, the re-
maining fortnight in London; but some short
time before our wedding-day Matthew
Dobson, Cecilia's great-uncle and god-father,
must needs take it into his head to offer us
the loan of his villa in the south of France.
I was at first for refusing it with
thanks, but Cecilia's mother, whether from
the fact she had expectations from Uncle
Matthew and was afraid of offending him,
or from an idea that it was the fashion-
able thing to do, pressed Cecilia to accept;
and I—was far too happy to care very
much where I went, so long as Cecilia went
with me.
So to St. Bridget's we went. I must say
the weather was most unkind to us. The
two first days of our honeymoon (as
Matthew had called his villa) were
days of continual rain, utterly precluding
any idea of leaving the house; and when
the third day came and there was still no
sign of a clear sky, I said to myself that
I had given up our Paris plan too easily.
The house was comfortable enough, but to
me, who have always been to a mild ex-
tent a follower of the eclectic school, the
style of furniture was depressingly ugly.
The royal blue carpet of the drawing-
room and the corner brackets, covered
with enamel grates, and the chairs uphol-
stered with macramé lace, set my teeth on
edge. The walls were spattered with plates, most
of them of absolutely worthless china, and
Mr. Dobson's artistic pretensions were fur-
ther evidenced by a badly-modelled al-
baster Cupid and Psyche under a glass
shade in the middle of a large mahogany
table, and an undoubted Carlo Dolci
Holy Family, which I never over the fire-
place, carefully shrouded from view by a
red moose curtain. As I look back to that
room in my mind's eye, I consider
that I had some excuse for feeling out of
temper!
I do not think I should have been so
much aggravated by my surroundings if I
could have so to speak, let my feelings
expressing my horror of them to Cecilia.
But she appeared quite satisfied, even de-
lighted with everything, and I ask any
married man if there was anything more try-
ing to moral fiber than to see the wife
your bosom child, placidly good-tem-
pered, when your own self is seething
with suppressed humor.
I made one attempt to improve matters
by suggesting that it might be a good plan
if we were to put away in some box the
white crocheted antimacassars with which
the drawing-room was so carefully adorned,
until we were going away, but Cecilia looked
puzzled.
"What a funny idea, Dick," she said.
"Why should you want to put away the
antimacassars? They will do us no harm."
"They will get so dirty, you know," I
prevaricated feebly.
"But, you stupid boy, they will wash
beautifully. Uncle Mat said that new
hats have left them here if he did not wish
to use them."
I saw she was hopelessly contented, and
walked away to the window with my irri-
tation driven inward, and there, like a
rash under the same circumstances, much
more dangerous.
Whatever poets may say, May is not a
pleasant month, especially by the sea.
As I looked out now, I saw before me a
dull gray world. Heavy gray clouds overhead,
a heavy gray expanse of sea below. The
tide was out, and the water stretched
away as far as I could see, a long reach of
sandy shore—pleasant, enough, doubtless,
in summer-time, but now looking drearily
uninteresting, as the waves broke on it
with a monotonous, melancholy swish.
A cold northwesterly wind was driving
the rain against the windows, and the trees
bowed and swayed and flung up their arms
as though mourning for the early fate of
their beautiful young leaves, which the
wind was recklessly tearing from the pa-
rent stem and scattering on the ground.
"No going out for us again to-day as far
as I can see," I said gloomily.
Cecilia sighed sympathetically.
"It is too bad, isn't it," she said. "And
I had set my heart on a ride with you,
Dick! Wasn't it kind of Uncle Mat to
send his two horses for us? I do
love riding; don't you, Dick?"
She walked over to the window and
passed her hand caressingly through my
arm; but I was longing for a plausible
excuse, and the fact of not being able
to find one made me twice as irritable as
before.
As she seemed to expect an answer, I
said, with that particular "dumpy" sound

in my voice which is so discouraging to an
interlocutor:
"Well, I like riding well enough when I
have good horses."
"Well, I am sure Uncle Mat," she
began, but I cut her short.
"Four Uncle Mat's horses are a couple
of old screws. I want to look at them in
the stable yesterday."
She looked vaguely, bewildered at the
tone of my voice.
"Why, what is the matter with you,
Dick? Has anything annoyed you?"
"Here was my opportunity."
"Anything annoyed you?" I burst out.
"Isn't it enough to annoy any fellow, to be
cooped up in a confounded hole like this,
with nothing but that beastly sea and sand
to look at outside, with a room like this to
live in?"
Cecilia looked hurt and indignant, and
I saw the glimmer of coming tears in her
eyes.
"What is the matter with the room?"
"What is the matter with the room?"
she asked. "I do not think I ever was in
a nicer room than this!"
"Very likely! But, my dear Cecilia," I
continued, with a patronizing tone, which
must have been infinitely harder to bear
than even my simple bad temper—"My
dear Cecilia, I am afraid you have still a
great deal to learn in the matter of artistic
taste." And I looked around the room
with an expression of lofty contempt.
"Oh, as far as artistic taste goes, Dick, I
am sure you are wrong. For Uncle Mat
is ever so artistic. Why, he draws and
paints himself!"
"I have no doubt he is a second Ra-
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THE BOOK TABLE.

THE CURRENT LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Mr. Froude's Novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," or "An Irish Romance, 1200," pp. 450. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. We have not been accustomed to associate the name of Mr. Froude with romance. That master of English has been known to us as a historian, a biographer and a traveler. He has demonstrated, however, by the novel entitled above that his versatility in literature is unbounded. The story is related to the turbulent times of Ireland in the middle of the eighteenth century. The subject has always had a fascination for Mr. Froude, and that he should gratify a desire he has long entertained to treat it in the free realm of fiction is not at all surprising. The story is one that concerns the hostility between the Irish and the English in Ireland. The tale is a romance of the period, the tribulations and schemes of Irish exiles give him material in plenty for a romance of the period, and the tale of the love of romance, and at the same time gives him ample opportunity to treat freely of issues of a political character and relating to the Irish question.

Robert Roper, a ship-carpenter, suicided in San Francisco by sending a bullet through his brain. The death of his wife, a well-known actress, had been the cause of his suicide. The death of his wife, a well-known actress, had been the cause of his suicide. The death of his wife, a well-known actress, had been the cause of his suicide.

New York is beginning to count up the gains by the centennial show after the most auspicious fashion. It is estimated that visitors left some \$250,000 in the metropolis during the festival.

At San Jose Thursday Miss Della Quinn was killed by a runaway by a runaway horse. Her dress caught in the buggy-step and she was dragged a block before being released. She was terribly bruised.

Joseph Bushy, a carpenter of Los Angeles, while en route to the Soldiers' Home, suffered a stroke of paralysis. Before leaving his home he said: "This may be the last time you will see me."

Indications point to a flow of natural gas from the San Joaquin Hills. The gas is generally understood to be in the hills, and it is estimated that it will be worth \$200,000 a year.

All gains employed by the Department of Public Works on the repairs of the streets of New York, numbering over 700, were known to the city and county.

William H. Clark, who shot and killed Frank Hamilton, a well-known "Buckeye" of a few nights since, was examined before Justice Fulton at Auburn, yesterday.

The Window Glass Workers' Association of Pittsburgh has issued an order to all foreign glass workers who come to the city hereafter that they be blacklisted. It is alleged that they are being imported contrary to law.

Unsuccessful attempts were made to bribe a number of New York editors to publish articles favorable to the bill authorizing the construction of a tunnel through the State Park and beneath Niagara Falls.

The fourteenth buildings of the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, which have been in process of erection for some time are nearly completed. These buildings include the halls, recitation rooms, lecture rooms and the buildings devoted to the various departments of the university.

The oldest house in Boston, a two-story wooden structure at 337-341 Hanover street, fell Thursday while workmen were engaged in the repair of it. The falling timber struck Mrs. Shea, who was taken from the ruins dead.

John Corcoran and Paul Slattery, two Oakland boys, took a boat ride from Sausalito to the other day, and were carried out to sea in the International Fish Hawk. They were back again after they had been out all night for two nights. They drifted to the island of San Francisco and were rescued by a Government cutter.

A strike at A. M. Cox's factory in Duluth, Minn., was so far in a rather singular manner. The proprietor increased the wages of all his married employees, and gave single men notice that they would not be wanted after the end of the month unless they were married by that time, in which event they would be retained at the increased rate.

It is proposed to bring the water from the Sierra Nevada into Tulare county by a system of pipes. The plan is to go up in the mountains on the Kaweah river, to take all water rights, and take out the surplus, thus appropriating the surplus. The cost is estimated at \$800,000. A meeting will be held at Tulare to-night to consider the project.

TO TAKE APPROPRIATE ACTION ON THE DEATH OF LATE W. H. HARRIS.

At the Kempton meeting Byrre's Amputation was the Great Jubilee stakes, Streech-Owl second.

There is a complaint that the Colombian government is guilty of injustice to Americans and pays no attention to remonstrances by the American Consuls.

F. C. Foster, a passenger on the steamer Laramie from Galveston to New York, died while en route of small-pox, and his remains were consigned to the deep.

At a wedding in Saline county, Kas, the groom shot and killed another gambler and supper and sold them popcorn at 5 cents a package. The granger is bound to thrive.

A delegation of students from Paris visited Boulanger, yesterday. Speeches were made on behalf of the students, expressing confidence in the patriotism of the General.

Emil Weber, a gambler, yesterday in Portland, shot and killed another gambler and sold them popcorn at 5 cents a package. The granger is bound to thrive.

Dr. Starr, Superintendent of the Port Wayne Railroad, is on trial at Pittsburgh on charges of negligence in connection with the accident at the Allegheny City crossing a year ago.

A pontoon bridge for ordinary traffic has been laid across the Missouri river at Nebraska City. It is 1,074 feet long, 24 feet wide and consists of floating lead on anchored boats.

It has been definitely determined that Senator Saunders' body was blown away by a bullet from the rifle of a man named Robert O'Connell, ind. said members of the Utah Commission.

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The real reason John Ender of Chicago has resigned his commission as Minister to Denmark is that his health is so precarious. The fact of the matter is that Secretary Blaine recently received a communication from Copenhagen which briefly stated that Ender was suffering from a disease not acceptable to the King of Denmark and that he would not be received at the Danish court.

Work on the Needles bridge at the crossing of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad over the Colorado river is reported as being temporarily suspended. The cause is said to be an error in sounding for one of the piers by the company's expert, who reported that the pier was in a dangerous position. The Phoenix Bridge Company, the contractors for the work, will have to go sixty feet from the original position, and a new contract is being issued.

CURSED BE GOSSIP!

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE EVILS OF TALEBEARING.

The Sensational Press A School for Scandal-Tattling Women—Appropriate Anecdotes.

Dr. Talmage recently lectured on St. Louis, before an audience of over 3,000 people, on the "School of Scandal." The lecture was reported at length in the Globe-Democrat. Among other things he said:

The largest school in the world was the school of scandal, which was bigger than any of the greatest universities ever seen. Many thousands of lives were ruined by the school of scandal. It was a school of the devil, and it was a school of the devil.

Dr. Talmage said that he had seen a man who had been treated and slandered, and he had seen a man who had been treated and slandered, and he had seen a man who had been treated and slandered.

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LAKE COUNTY INTERESTS.

Importance of the Proposed Cache Creek Railroad.

LOWER LAKE, Lake Co., May 6, 1899. The Record-Union, May 11, 1899.

THE RECORD-UNION: My letter to your paper not long since has created some criticism among a few citizens of this and Napa county, who are persistently urging the construction of a road hence via Rutherford. They argue that the latter line of route would pass through a rich and valuable country, while the Cache creek road would meet with nothing more important than the Cache creek road.

It is quite easy to understand the motive of the Napa men, but much more difficult to fathom the reason of the Cache creek residents. The great reason for the latter is that they are afraid of the Cache creek road.

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WORKMEN TO PUT THEIR IDEAS INTO PRACTICAL WORK.

We suppose a hundred men graduated from college and admitted to the bar, and a hundred others thoughtfully skilled in the electrician's art, it would be fair to predict that of the first class ninety would within a year starve to death if they depended on their business to support them, while every man of the second class would at once step into a living comfort and thereafter live happily and independent of all worry about bread winning.

We do not hear that the "learned professions" are languishing for lack of recruits, but the electrician's art is a new and growing industry. The young gentlemen who are not quite decided whether they will give their talents to the Supreme bench or to some rich city church will do well to think on these things.

Nothing in It. (Place Republic.) The valley papers are unduly exercised over a communication from a prominent official to the city officers of Sacramento, saying there is hydrating going on all over the upper part of Placer, and that there is an elaborate system of telephones, and that the whole story originated from a certain practical joker of Auburn.

It is quite easy to understand the motive of the Napa men, but much more difficult to fathom the reason of the Cache creek residents. The great reason for the latter is that they are afraid of the Cache creek road.

Many thousands of lives were ruined by the school of scandal. It was a school of the devil, and it was a school of the devil.

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NEW TO-DAY.

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Winning Council No. 2, Degree of the Knights Templar, will be held at the Asylum, 11th and 12th streets, Sacramento, May 11th, at 8 o'clock. 30 days in advance, by order of Mrs. J. BRADLEY, K. of R.

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The Regular Monthly Social of the Forester Club will be held on Monday, May 11th, at 8 o'clock, at the Asylum, 11th and 12th streets, Sacramento. 30 days in advance, by order of Mrs. J. BRADLEY, K. of R.

WANTED-A GIRL TO COOK AND DO HOUSEWORK in a private family. Call at 221 G street. my14-4t

WANTED-A NATIVE SON'S PIN. FINDER NOT EVERYONE KNOWS THE NEW AND ATTRACTIVE COLLECTION OF FANCY CALICO AND PERCALE SHIRTS WE ARE SHOWING. THIS IS INTENDED TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THE LARGEST AND BEST-SELECTED STOCK IN THE CITY. IF INTERESTED YOU CANNOT DO BETTER THAN SEE OUR ASSORTMENT.

WANTED-TWO NICE FRONT OFFICES, VERY WELL LOCATED, for rent. Call at 221 G street. my14-4t

WANTED-TO LET-NEW HOUSE, FURNISHED, with a view to health as well as comfort, on Sacramento, 11th and 12th streets, near street railway. Inquire at corner of same lot to 120. E. 317-2 street. my14-4t

FOR SALE-NICE HOME, GOOD BUILDING, with a view to health as well as comfort, on Sacramento, 11th and 12th streets, near street railway. Inquire at corner of same lot to 120. E. 317-2 street. my14-4t

FOR SALE-A MATCHED SPAN OF BAY HORSES, with a view to health as well as comfort, on Sacramento, 11th and 12th streets, near street railway. Inquire at corner of same lot to 120. E. 317-2 street. my14-4t

WANTED-TO RENT TWO ROOMS, suitable for housekeeping, would like front room partly furnished; state price and location. Call at 221 G street. my14-4t

WANTED-A YOUNG MAN DESIRES A situation in a private family, to take care of the house and garden. Address my14-4t

WANTED-A PARTY TO BUILD AND FURNISH A HOUSE, with a view to health as well as comfort, on Sacramento, 11th and 12th streets, near street railway. Inquire at corner of same lot to 120. E. 317-2 street. my14-4t

WANTED-A MAN AND WIFE, \$500, with a view to health as well as comfort, on Sacramento, 11th and 12th streets, near street railway. Inquire at corner of same lot to 120. E. 317-2 street. my14-4t

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